

HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time In wondrous merry mood, And thought, as usual, men would say, They were exceeding good.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEMER.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

It had been arranged that on New Year's eve a grand ball should be given. The entertainment was called a ball, but it was to comprise charades, music, cards, and everything else that was enjoyable.

I forgot all about myself; my heart was heavy over her. I could not divest myself of a fear, a foreboding that something was to happen that night. A presentiment of coming evil seemed to weigh me down.

They neither saw nor heard me: they were sitting behind a group of white camellias, tall trees with glossy leaves, and I was on the other side, hovering near her, always fearful, yet without knowing why.

CHAPTER X.

How, or how suddenly, I missed her, I cannot tell. Whenever Lady Latimer quitted a room she seemed to take some of the brightness away with her.

Where was she—the beautiful, radiant, graceful woman who had given light and brightness even to that bright room? Not with Colonel North, that was one comfort, for he stood at the end of the ball room, talking to some ladies; but when I came to watch his face, it was unlike itself, there was a strange expression on it, as though he were waiting, and waiting impatiently.

I shall always think that that which followed was an inspiration from heaven. I looked at one of the jeweled clocks that stood in the ante-room; it had turned half past one, and the words spoken by Colonel North came plainly to me:

"The carriage will be at the turn of the road by 2 o'clock."

Oh, God! did it mean that? I stood for a minute paralyzed; my heart almost ceased beating, the blood ran cold in my veins, my limbs trembled. Could it mean that?

Quick as thought I went to Lady Latimer's room. There was nothing unusual at first sight, but when I opened the wardrobe door, I saw the blue velvet and pearls hastily thrust aside. I knew—I knew she had gone away with him, and had chosen the night because they imagined during the excitement they would not be missed.

"What, in heaven's name, brings you here, Audrey Lovell?" cried Colonel North. "Heaven itself, to save her from ruin and death. You shall not take her away; we are close to the lodge gates, and if you try to pass them and take her with you, I will raise such an alarm that you will be overtaken in five minutes, and she shall be dragged from you by force."

"The wife of an old man, powerless to avenge himself—a man who has trusted you, whose bread you have eaten, under whose roof you have found hospitable shelter. And you repay him by stealing his wife! Why did you not steal that which he values less—his gold or his jewels? Oh, shame—bitter, endless shame on you!"

"Come back with me, my darling," said, "come back. It is only a bad, evil, black dream; come back with me; no one shall know."

"Lady Latimer," I said, "do you know where those gates lead? Look at them, and know the road leading from them is the path to hell." A low moan came from her lips.

"You mean well, Miss Lovell," said Colonel North, "but if you have any heart in your breast, you will not ask her to go back. I maintain that she is not married—marriage means a union of hearts, it means two souls made one."

"Marriage means the vows taken before God and man, which can never be broken," I cried. "How can you ask her," he continued, "to go back to that loveless, cheerless, miserable life?"

"Audrey, let me go," she said. "I know it is all true, but—oh! do not turn away from me—I prefer to suffer with him. I prefer sorrow and repentance with him to my gilded misery without him. Let me go, dear; I

could not live without him; let me go."

"Let her go, Miss Lovell," said Colonel North, in a tone of deep emotion. "You mean well, you are very good. But she could never be happy there again—never again."

"And I love him, Audrey; that shall be my religion—love. You know what I have missed in my life, and now I have found it. I love him; let me go, Audrey; love is best."

"No, it is not!" I cried—"it is not best, not such love as this. Fear of God and love of duty are best. Oh, Lady Latimer, you cannot pass those gates, an angel bars the way!"

"You do worse," I cried—"you ruin their souls. You pretend that you love this poor child; you would be kinder far, braver far, if you plunged a dagger in her heart, than take her away with you. The murderer of the body is little compared to the murderer of a soul."

"There is no time to lose," I said. "If you take one, you take both; if you take Lady Latimer, you take me; I will not lose my hold on her until she is safe from you. I repeat there is no time to lose. You do not fear my words; I shall give a cry that will soon bring help to us."

"No, no!" he cried, hastily. "But I did. I wonder now that I had the nerve. I gave a long, low cry, and the next minute we saw a light in one of the windows of the lodge."

"Go, Philip," said Lady Latimer; "go, there is no help for us." "I could curse you for your cruel work!" he said. "You will bless me some time," I answered.

"Let me say good-bye to you Philip," cried Lady Latimer, and her voice was full of anguish. "Ah, my love, my love, found so late and lost forever!"

"I will keep your secret, but it must be on my own terms. You must leave the house to-morrow morning under the pretext that you have received a telegram, and you must swear to me that you will never return. If you do so, I shall at once tell Lord Latimer all that has passed."

"I could not help his turning back and taking Lady Latimer in his arms again. One quick, passionate embrace and he was gone. I led her home. She did not weep, but from her lips came a low, soft moan."

"Never mind if she died of it; I had saved her from worse than death. We spoke no word until we reached the house. I knew we must run some risk."

"In Plato's Day. Plato believed that diamonds were formed by a vitrifying quality imparted to certain portions of pure water by 'star-shine.' Pliney says that the diamond is the hardest as well as the most valuable of the precious stones, and that it can only be softened by immersing it seven days and seven nights in goat's blood. Boetius declares that the 'ruby is a sovereign remedy against the plague and all poisons; it also drives away evil spirits and bad dreams.' Serapion ascribes to the diamond the power of healing various eruptive diseases, and also says that it insures the safety of the wearer in time of great tempests. Babinet says: 'For all maladies of a nervous character the amethyst is the sure and sovereign cure.'"

Royal Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. Absolutely Pure.

Vintage of Last Year in France.

It was not to be expected that the French vineyards would yield as rich a harvest in 1894 as they had done in 1893—a year remarkable for the quality as for the quantity of the wine made, especially in the Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champaign districts, where one gallon is of more value than ten grown in other parts of the country.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

The Indian Games. The editor of Farm Poultry believes that the Indian Game, with the same care and attention, is just as hardy a fowl as a Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte could be, and more hardy than any other variety of game.

The Application Embarrassed. There lives in a certain small town a poor minister who has a large family which his salary does not begin to cover.

Working at Greeley's Elbow. Uncle Joshua Barstow, undoubtedly the oldest active compositor in the country, celebrated his 86th birthday in Norwich, Conn., recently.

Seeking a Foreign Clime. In search of pleasure or business, should be preceded by the purchase of nature's great invigorator, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the best and most genuine medicinal preparation.

Fast Telegraphing. In September of last year a Manchester packing company had occasion to telegraph to its manager at Victoria, B. C. The message was handed in at the office of the cable company in Aboult street, Manchester; a trial of speed was attempted, and the answer came back in ninety seconds.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Mme. Pougy. Madame Pougy, a lady who is now earning her living in Paris as a model in living pictures, left Russia at the accession of the present czar with a hundred thousand dollars in her pocket as the price of her going.

Janitresses. In New York there are more than a score of "trained janitresses" who are able to command \$400 a year and upward.

Snow and Ice in Italy.

Italy, to most people, suggests nothing but sunny skies and groves of perennial fruit and flowers, but at the present time winter is biting its northern shores with as sharp a tooth as in England.

Coin Dies Destroyed. Sledge hammer blows, delivered by powerful employees of the mint on January 2 destroyed the dies in use during the last year. There were 512 in all, and 71 of these were for double eagles, 97 for eagles, 32 for half eagles, 4 for quarter eagles, 12 for dollar pieces, 21 for half dollar pieces, 50 for quarter dollar pieces, 35 for 10 cent pieces, 80 for 5 cent pieces and 108 for 1 cent pieces.

The Evolution. Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only. For sale by all leading druggists.

Advertised for a Substitute. A certain member of company A, Pennsylvania naval battalion, who has evidently tired of the irksome routine of drills and discipline, makes a rather peculiar offer which he has advertised in the papers.

Make Your Own Bitters. On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Stearns' Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier.

Uncle Joshua Barstow, undoubtedly the oldest active compositor in the country, celebrated his 86th birthday in Norwich, Conn., recently. His eye is dimmed by age, and he reads readily without glasses.

Coe's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quickly and bring relief. It is always reliable. Try it.

It is right to fast, but it is wrong to look lean. Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

The Door of Life. The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil.

Dispelling an Illusion. One of my readers wants to know the correct pronunciation of the word "Llanthony." It is always a painful thing to me to dispel the prevalent illusion that newspaper editors know everything, but owing, I suppose, to the fact that I was taught Latin and Greek in my youth, when I ought to have been learning the tongues of the living, I have grown up ignorant of the proper pronunciation of Llanthony.

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Full length green cashmere in slants in this handsome gown. The dress is made of fancy striped fabric in harmonizing shades of blue, green, and yellow.

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